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1 - ~~Leonard~~
Eng

MERCHANT of VENICE

Act V. Sc. I.

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A

COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, ESQ.

LONDON:
Printed for M. LISTER, No. 46, Old Bailey; and sold by all Bookfellers, News-carriers, &c. in Great Britain and Ireland.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

160.285
May, 1873

Duke,
Anthonio,
Baſſanio,
Solanio,
Solarino,
Gratiano,
Lorenzo,
Shylock,
Tubal,
Launcelot,
Gobbo,
Balthazar,
Servant to Anthonio,
Leonardo.

WOMEN.

Portia,
Neriſſa,
Jeſſica.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Gaolers, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia.

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Street in Venice.*

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you?
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof 'tis born,
I am to learn:
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your Argoſies with portly ſail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curteſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads.
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My mind, cooling my brooth.
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows, and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks;
Which, touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But, tell not me;—I know, Anthonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither? Then let's ſay, you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two headed Janus,

Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar-aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Grataino and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Sola. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My lord Baſſanio, ſince you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you have a mind, where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not leave you.
[*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, ſignior Anthonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part,
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:)
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be preſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Anthonio, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing;
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait.
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.——
Come, good Lorenzo: Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.
Anth. Farewel: I'll grow a talker for this year.
Gra. Thanks, 'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Loren.
Anth. Is that any thing now?
Baſſ. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all the day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the ſearch.
Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate: but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,

Wherein

Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all my debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as if you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self-same way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first,

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance:
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than the word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometime from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from ev'ry coast
Renown'd suiters:
O, my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea:
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

SCENE, *a Room in Portia's House at Belmont.*

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens cottages, princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own constructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in their three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there

in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe himself. I am much afraid, my lady, his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *And if you will not have me, chuse.* He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad that this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so call'd.

Ner. True, madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runnner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me, than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before ——While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A public Place in Venice.*

Enter Bassanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats: —— well.

Bass. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months: —— well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound: — well.

Bass.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.———

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;——my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is, to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient. Yet his means are in ſuppoſition; he hath an Argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats; water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient.——Three thouſand ducats: I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd I may; and that I may be aſſur'd,
I will bethink me. May, I ſpeak with Anthonio?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?——Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is ſignior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning Publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe.
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear?———

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that;
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good ſignior;
[*To* Anth.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom:——Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee,———But hear you,
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it:

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,——
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take intereſt; not as you would ſay,
Directly, intereſt: mark, what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings which were ſtreak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire? the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between thoſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſive ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time

Fall

Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd
A thing not in his power to bring to pass, [for;
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.——
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath?
Shy. Three thousand ducats —— 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me,
About my monies, and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe)
You call me, misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies;—You say so;—
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold;—monies is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—*Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last:*
You spurn'd me such a day: another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?
Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love:
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with:
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear
This is kind I offer. [me;
Anth. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show:——
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Anth. Content, in faith. I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are!
Whose own hard dealing teaches them to suspect
The thought of others! pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship?
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in my fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; He grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on; in this there can be no dismay:
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Venice.*

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow: and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.* My conscience says, *no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;* or, as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo*; do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend; *for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, *my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,* or rather an honest woman's son——(for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow too: he had a kind of taste.)——Well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not*; *budge,* says the fiend; *budge not,* says my conscience: conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reference, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *with a Basket.*

Gob. Master, young man; you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than sand blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not. —— I will try confusion with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up, on your right hand, at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left, marry, at the very turning turn of no hand but turn down directly unto the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sontis, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwells with him, or not?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? (mark me now, [*Aside.*] now will I raise the waters;) Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.

Laun. But! pray you *ergo*, old man: *ergo*; I beseech you; talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post, a staff or prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob.

Gob. A lack a day, I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light. Murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up. I am sure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not, what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed:—I'll be sworn if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worship'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for my own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter; I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O, rare fortune! here comes the man; to him, father;—for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, *with* Leonardo, *and a Follower or two more.*

Bass. You may do so.—But let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, Sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, Sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would say, to serve.——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Bass. I know thee well. Thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between master Shylock and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Bass.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well. Go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out.——Give him a livery.
[*To his followers.*
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a ſervice, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune.——Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! Here's a ſmall trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming-in for one man. And then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.—Here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Laun. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done, believe.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. [*Exit* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio,——

Baſſ. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt:——But hear thee, Gratiano,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain [ſhew
To ally with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſweat but now and then;
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, Amen;
Never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not
By what we do to-night. [gage me

Baſſ. No, that were pity:
I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment—But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt—
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Shylock's Houſe.*

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I am ſorry thou wilt leave my father ſo:
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs:—
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt—
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel—I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!——Tears exhibit my tongue. [*Aſide.*] Moſt beautiful Pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! If a Chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd. But, adieu theſe fooliſh drops Do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit—adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good Launcelot.——
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O, Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife.

SONG.

SONG, *by Jessica.*

Haste, Lorenzo, haste away,
To my longing arms repair,
With impatience I shall die;
Come, and ease thy Jessy's care—
Let me then, in wanton play,
Sigh and gaze my soul away. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio

Lor. Nay, we will slink away at supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, *with a Letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An't it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand—in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this.——Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her—Speak it privately; go——
Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch bearer [*Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay, Marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house?
What goods and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Shylock's House.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:——
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together.——I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning,

morning, falling out that year on Ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me; Jessica,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir:
Mistress look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewel, mistress; nothing else. [feeder;

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge
Snail-slow in profit: but he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you: ———
Shut the doors after you; *fast bind, fast find:*
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in Masquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make a stand. [renzo

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo.—More of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made me wait—
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

SONG, by *Lorenzo.*

My bliss too long my bride denies;
Apace the wasting summer flies;
Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
O, love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, my Jessy, haste away.

Jessica *above in Boy's Cloaths*

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For whom love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness, that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.

Lor. But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily—
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true:
And true she is, as she has prov'd herself;
And therefore like herself, wise fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica *below.*

What art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Anthonio?
Anth Fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you—
No masque to-night;—the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard—
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Rialto*

Enter Salarino *and* Solanio.

Sal. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sola. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Sal He came too late, the ship was under sail—
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a Gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica—
Besides Anthonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd.
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets;
" My daughter!—O, my ducats!——O, my
" daughter!
" Fled with a Christian? O, my Christian ducats!
" Justice! the law!————My ducats, and my
" daughter!——
" A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
" Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my
" daughter
" And jewels—Justice! find the girl!
" She hath the jewels upon her, and the ducats!"
Let good Anthonio look he keeps his day;
Or shall he pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me,
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.
Sola. You were best to tell Anthonio what you
hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder gentlemen treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return—he answer'd " Do not so.
" Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
" But stay the very riping of the time;
" And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
" Let it not enter in your mind of love;
" Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
" To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
" As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he puts his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Sal. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Street in Venice.*

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

Solarino.

NOW, what news on the Rialto?
Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on

on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Sola. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio——O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sola. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sola. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and her's, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match—a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the Rialto—a beggar that us'd to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond——he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh—what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, Revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter Tubal.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O, would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—why, so—and I know not what's spent in the search—Why, thou loss upon loss; the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge—nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too—Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa———

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal——Good news, good news—ha! ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me—I shall never see my gold again—fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal—It was my Turquoise, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor—I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true——go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for where he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue? go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Belmont.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and Attendants.*

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry;—pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in chusing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a-while.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
I could teach you
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be—so you may miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.

Bass. Let me chuse;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.———
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.

Bass. ———So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man—But thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather, threatnest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuse I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. O, love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demy-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips

Parted

And then Away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along :
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come,—away!
For you shall hence upon our wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer ;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
—But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads.*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have "all miscarry'd, my Creditors grow cruel, my "estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is for- "feit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I "should live, all debts are cleared between you "and me, if I might but see you at my death. "Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your "love do not persuade you to come, let not my "letter."

Por O, love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste : but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Street in Venice.*

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the Jailer.*

Shy. Jailer, look to him :——Tell not me of mercy :——
This is the fool that lent out money gratis ;——
Jailer, look to him.

Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond.
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause ;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond I will not hear thee speak :——
I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eye'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone ;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers :
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me.
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant his forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The duke cannot deny the course of law :
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go ;
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, jailer, on——Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Belmont*

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity : which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And shall not now :
Therefore, no more of it. Hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands

The

The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide, I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* Jes. *and* Lor.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear the dagger with a braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd;
I could not do with all:—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach; which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear for you. I was always plain with you: and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father, and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all

to

to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: Here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converteng Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* should be *more* than reason: but if she be *less* than an honest woman, she is, indeed, *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit at an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come into dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: And I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksey word
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And, if on earth he do not merit it, then
In reason, he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two Gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon. First, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things, I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Senate-house in Venice.*

Enter the Duke, *the* Senators, Anthonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, *and others.*

Duke.

WHAT, is Anthonio here?

Anth. Ready, to please your grace:

Duke. I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

My

My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sal. He's ready at the door; he comes, my lord,

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.——
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose:
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine. For affection,
Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;
Why he a swollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.
Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Anth. I pray you, think, you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means;
But, with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which,

Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:— So do I answer you,
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment. Answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss the court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays, without,
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
Now come from Padua,

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Anthonio! What man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all.
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meetest for death—the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, *dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

Bass. Why dost thou wet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud——
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.——
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place:—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

"Your Grace shall understand, that, at the "receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but at "the instant that your messenger came, in loving "visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, "his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with "the cause in controversy between the Jew, and "Anthonio, the merchant. We turn'd o'er "many books together: he is furnish'd with my "opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, "(the greatness whereof I cannot enough com-"mend) comes with him at my importunity, to fill "up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech "you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to "let him lack a reverend estimation: for I never "knew so young a body with so old a head. I "leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose "trial shall better publish his commendation."

Enter Portia, *dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
—Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,

That

That holds this prefent queftion in the court ?

Por. I am inform'd thoroughly of the cauſe. Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both ſtand [forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow ; Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. —You ſtand within his danger, do you not ? [*To* Anthonio.

Anth. Ay, ſo he ſays.

Por. Do you confeſs the bond ?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulſion muſt I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd ; It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd ; It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes ; 'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt ; it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown : His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majeſty, Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings ; But mercy is above this ſceptre'd ſway, It is enthroned in the hearts of kings : It is an attribute to God himſelf ; And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's, When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew, Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—— That in the courſe of juſtice none of us Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy ? And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea ; Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law, The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money ?

Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ; Yea, twice the ſum : if that will not ſuffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er, On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart, If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech Wreſt once the law to your authority. [you, To do a great right, to do a little wrong ; And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be ; there is no power in Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed ; [Venice, 'Twill be recorded for a precedent ; And many an error, by the ſame example, Will ruſh into the ſtate :—It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ? yea, a Daniel. O, wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, moſt reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath,——I have an oath in heaven : Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul ? No, not for Venice.

Por. Why then this bond is forfeit ; And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful ; Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.— It doth appear you are a worthy judge ; You know the law ; your expoſition Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law, Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar, Proceed to judgement. By my ſoul I ſwear, There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me : I ſtay here on my bond.

Anth. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court To give the judgement.

Por. Why, then thus it is :

You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge ! O, excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law Hath full relation to the penalty, Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O, wiſe and upright judge ! How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.

Shy. Ay, his breaſt ;

So

So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart. those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Anth. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
—Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shews herself more kind,
Than is her custom. It is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Anthonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death;
And when that tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself:
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would, she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
—We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!——A sentence——come, prepare.
Por Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O, upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O, learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. O, learned judge!—Mark, Jew—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O, Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou no less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less, than just a pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dies't, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
—Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause?—take the forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Baſſ I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I: A ſecond Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That, by direct, or indirect attempts
He ſeeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice:
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt.
For it appears, by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.
Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it.
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for Anthonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When do you take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.
Anth. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods; I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That for this favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he doth record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I lately pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit* Shylock.
Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner:
Por. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.
Duke. I'm ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
—Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exit Duke and his train.*
Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I, and my friend
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lue whereof,

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Anth. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you farther.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this.
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There is more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good Sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[*Exit with* Nerissa.
Anth. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Anthonio's house.—Away, make haste.
—Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Street.*

Re-enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'n:
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully.
And so I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring; [*To* Por.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.
——Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Belmont. *A Garden belonging to* Portia's *House*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

Lor. THE moon shines bright:—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Balthazar.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the night?

Balth. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Balth. Balthazar is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Balth. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
—I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.——
But go we in. I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo, ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master with his horn full of good news. My master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—why should we go in?
My friend Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit* Balth.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stilness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls!
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

SONG, by Lorenzo.

To keep my gentle Jessy,
What labour wou'd seem hard;
Each toilsome task how easy!
Her love the sweet reward.

The Bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteem no toil severe;
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey, all the year.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music. [*Music.*

Lor.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood; [floods,
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa *at a Distance.*

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall:
—How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less.
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husband's healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go, Nerissa,
Give orders to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence.
—Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A trumpet sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet;
We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

Por. You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
—This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
[Gratiano *and* Nerissa *seem to talk apart.*
Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho,——already?—what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paultry ring,
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand, I give it to a youth.—
A kind of boy,—a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself,—the judge's clerk—
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing

A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh,
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands:
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left-hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it [*Aſide.*

Gra. My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed,
Deſerv'd it too:—And then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither, man nor maſter, would take off aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;——
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

Baſſ. No, by mine honour, madam,——by my ſoul,—
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come ne'er my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk;——therefore, be well adviſ'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you:——You are welcome, notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which but for him, that had your huſband's ring,
[*To* Portia.
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly,

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.

Baſſ. By heaven it is the ſame I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him:—pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lay with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario :
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even now but return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Anthonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon,
There you shall find, three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold ?

Ner. Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor you shall be my bed-fellow ; When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living ; For here I read for certain, that my ships Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo ?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first interragatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctors clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.